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IT is generally remarkable that Wit and Senſe are quite different both in their Nature and Conſequences, and that Men of extraordinary Genius are of ten defective in common Underſtanding: Neither ought we to wonder if either, or both theſe Aſſertions ſhould prove true: For, though Wit is undoubtedly a very rare and valuable Accompliſhment, 'tis the Child of the Imagination only; whereas Senſe, on the other Hand, proceeds from the Judgment, and acts always upon cool and reaſonable Deliberation: Wit, like a Flaſh of Lightning, may be beautiful and miſchievous together; but Senſe, like the Sun, is ever uſeful, though ſometimes obſcur'd. Men of mere Volatility may ſcatter abroad Wit at Random, and ſome of its Arrows may do Execution; but Senſe is the Reſult of long Study, and habitual Reaſoning The Man of Wit may be moſt entertaining for the Time, but the Man of Senſe will be moſt eſteem'd in the End: The firſt is an agreeable Acquaintance on the Road, the laſt an ineſtimable Companion for Life.

But, though each of theſe Characters make an amiable Figure in Converſation, and both ſhould be happily united in the ſame Perſon, yet, according to the Remark above, they may be daſh'd with Abſurdity, and common Underſtanding be wanting to render their Uſe and Application compleat. There is ſcarce a Man living that does not ſee the Truth of this Poſition demonſtrated in the Actions of many of his Acquaintance, but few know how to account for it in either: For which Reaſon I will venture to clear up the Paradox to the beſt of my Power, and, if I ſhould give a Hint that may be ſerviceable to others, 'twill be a Pleaſure to myſelf.

Senſe may be properly divided into two Parts, that which is exerted in Writing or Speaking, and that which inſtructs and directs the Man of Buſineſs and Action. The firſt is generally diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of Genius, the laſt Oeconomy. One falls to the Share of phlegmatick and diſpaſſionate Perſons, or to ſuch who are actuated only with a mechanical Fire; the other to thoſe of bright Parts, and exquiſite Senſations: And, if theſe may be juſtly blam'd for neglecting Oeconomy, thoſe are equally liable to Cenſure for deſpiſing the Talents they don't underſtand.

As I apprehend, the Reaſon of this double Miſtake is this: All Men in general have ſome one Point in view, which they follow with all imaginable Ardour, and, as 'tis their own Choice, their Pride miſleads them to believe it the only valuable Purſuit in the World: Hence it happens that the Man of Buſineſs makes himſelf a continual Drudge to his Profeſſion, and will not allow Letters and ſtudy a reaſonable Avocation; while he that has devoted himſelf to the Sciences, looks down with Contempt on the groveling Creature whoſe Soul is confin'd to the ſame Circle with his Trade.

'Tis not to be doubted but both theſe deſerve to be condemn'd for their mutual Diſeſteem of each other, as well as their mutual Failings; but, at the ſame Time, one can hardly expect a Reformation on either Side: Long Habit and Cuſtom become, at leaſt, a Part of the Conſtitution itſelf, and Men, who have been inur'd to Action, know as little how to diſengage themſelves from it, or amuſe themſelves with Art and Science, as the Studious to quit their Books, and make themſelves Slaves to Buſineſs. If men of Induſtry and Oeconomy have fewer Faults, they have likewiſe fewer Virtues, and, if Men of Capacity are guilty of Extravagancies, their Excellencies ſhould be eſteem'd ſufficient Atonement: At preſent, 'tis true, they are rather made uſe of to condemn, than abſolve; having ſo many good Qualities, 'tis invidiouſly aſk'd why they have not more; and the richer they grow in Merit, ſo much the more they are burthen'd with Taxes. Let me add that Imagination is always tempting the Man of Genius, whereas the Man of Buſineſs is never troubled with it at all; the very ſame Principle that urges him on to Excellency in Science, gives him as high a Reliſh of Pleaſure too, paints it in as amiable Colours, urges him to purſue it as warmly, and varies it to ſo many Shapes, that, as faſt as one Idea is gratified another ariſes, without Intermiſſion or Bound. Science itſelf is no other than the Luxury of the Mind, as Pleaſure is of the Body, and a delicate Taſte in the firſt is almoſt inſeparably attended with the like for the laſt.

On the other Hand the dull, plodding Mind fixes all its Attention on the ſingle Point of growing rich, and confines its Ideas to the Means: Thus what preſerves his Credit, and increaſes his Fortune, becomes his Pleaſure and Entertainment at the ſame Time. When his Joy is rivetted to his Money, and Labour alters its very Nature to oblige him, what Temptation can he poſſibly have to wander from his favourite Point, or break in upon his Oeconomy, only to give himſelf Pain? When a Man is ſo far engag'd with the Affairs of Life as to have no vacant Hours lie tediouſly on his Hands, and makes his Profit and his Pleaſure centre in the ſame Point, he can have no Motive for going aſtray, nor any Excuſe if he ſhould. 'Tis apparent to me that nothing is more eaſily learn'd at firſt than Oeconomy: It requires no Genius, no peculiar Sagacity, nor uncommon Virtue to acquire it: Even Fools, or at leaſt half-witted Men may acquire it in the higheſt Perfection, and Men of Senſe need not be Strangers to it, if they were put in the right Road in the Beginning, and could be prevail'd on to moderate their Pleaſures, in order to enjoy them the longer, and with the more Uniformity and Credit.

To ſay the Truth, Oeconomy is neither inconſiſtent with Underſtanding or Pleaſure: A Man of Genius would not be the leſs ſo, if he condeſcended to look into his private Affairs, and ſuit his Expences to his Income: It might prove the Means of ſetting his Talents in a fairer Light; for thoſe who have Addreſs enough to keep themſelves independent in Life, become their Characters with a better Grace, and add to the Accompliſhments of the Student the Dignity of the Gentleman: Whereas Neglect or Extravagance put a Man of Senſe frequently into the Power of a Fool, and he, who can never have any other Advantage over him, ſeizes moſt unmercifully on this, and inſults the Merit that, with all the Privileges of Fortune, he could never attain to.——I have myſelf ſeen many flagrant Inſtances of this, and have heartily lamented the Occaſion; from whence 'tis plain that, if Oeconomy is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a Virtue, or a Science itſelf, 'tis at leaſt neceſſary to ſet off and decorate either, and ſometimes preſerve both from being made the Ridicule of the Inſolent and Vain.

The Libertine-Genius too might very eaſily conſider, as has been already hinted, that Oeconomy is of ſingular Uſe even in the moſt indefatigable Chace after Pleaſure; for he that is extravagant muſt ſometimes be diſtreſs'd, and then even the Enjoyment of what he coveted moſt, is ſucceeded with bitter Reflections, and unavoidable Pain: Whereas Frugality and Moderation reduce the Paſſions into Method, portion out to every Hour its Share of Delight, and make Poſſeſſion both regular and laſting. 'Tis in vain to ſay that Pleaſure is not to be meaſur'd by its Time of Duration, but its Degree of Ardour: What ſignify a few Moments of Extaſy, when they are ſucceeded by Hours of Anguiſh? According to my preſent Thoughts, there is no Equivalent in paſt Delights for preſent Misfortunes.

But though we have prov'd that Oeconomy and Genius ſeldom meet, it does not follow from thence that all extravagant or indiſcreet Perſons are Men of Wit, or have the Privilege of lively Imagination to excuſe their Follies; no, the far greater Number of unfortunate Libertines, about this great City, owe their Calamities to the Barrenneſs of their Minds, to the Strength of their Paſſions, their abſolute Inability to fill up the leiſure Hours of Life with any elegant Amuſement, or the Force of deprav'd Faſhions, and the Ambition of being eſteem'd a Man of Mode, Spirit, and Addreſs. Their Want of Oeconomy is not to be imputed to the Excellency of their Taſte, neither are they to be allow'd to inſult the Man of Buſineſs on one Side, or rank themſelves with Men of Wit on the other.

Neither does it appear that the thriving Tradeſman, or the parſimonious Country Squire are intitled to value themſelves on the good Eſtate of their Affairs, ſince what would be a Virtue under the Direction of a Man of Senſe and Honour, degenerates almoſt into a Vice in them: In a Word, though we have endeavour'd to account for the Want of Oeconomy in Men of Genius, and to palliate their Neglect of ſo uſeful and neceſſary a Study, yet are we far from intirely abſolving them from all Blame on that Account: Since their own Underſtanding ſhould have taught them its Value, and 'tis incumbent on them particularly to ſet the World an Example: For, however valuable Wit and Senſe may be either in Writing or Converſation, they may both be exerted to much greater Advantage, in the Management of the Paſſions, and the Conduct of Life.

The WHIMSICAL LEGACY. *A Tale.*

WHERE *Humber*'s Streams divide the fruitful Plain,
There liv'd a Friar of the begging Train;
Who, as *Dan Chaucer*'s merry Tales have told,
Would give his Prayers, his Maſs, or Heav'n for Gold:
As once his Gown high tuck'd, his Scrip new hung,
Pois'd on his Staff, he penſive trudg'd along;
A Door ſtood ope, where oft the beachen Bowl
Smiling with Nut-brown Ale had cheer'd his Soul:
Gently he rap'd, then cry'd, *May here Content*
With Peace forever dwell! —— and in he went:
Sick lay the Hoſt; the Friar growl'd a Pray'r,
And with an *Ave Mary* told his Care:
Here down he laid his Staff, there hung his Hat,
Bruſh'd from the Wicker Chair the Tabby Cat,
And with a ſolemn Leiſure down he ſat:
Then thus began: 'To-day I preach'd in Town:
'But kept not ſervile to the Text alone;
'Ah! *Thomas*, had you heard my ſubtle Wit,
'My Gloſs, my Comments on the Holy Writ:
'Tho' well I know, 'gainſt Friars you incline,
'You'd own that Friars were of Right divine:'
The Hoſt reply'd, 'In Comments I've no Skill,
'By Comments Prieſts can prove juſt what they will.
'Of Rea'ning deep ſome Clerks to ſhew the Force,
'From Head to Head drawl out the long Diſcourſe;
'On this Side now, and now on that diſpute,
'Are now confuted, now again confute;
'Make Saint with Saint, Father with Father vie,
'Till Gloſſes prove the Scriptures all a Lye.'
Ah! Friend, the Friar cry'd, 'you'll nought believe,
'But what your ſimple Reaſon can conceive:
'Laymen muſt credit, tho' the Doctrine's new,
'The Text may vary, but the Comment's true.'
The Wife tripp'd in and ſtopp'd th' haranguing Prieſt,
A Courtſy dropp'd and welcom'd in her Gueſt:
Slow from the Chair, the ſmiling Friar roſe,
And made with awkard Air his ſolemn Bows:
Nor there he ſtopp'd; but to enlarge his Bliſs,
Squeaz'd her ſoft Hand, and ſmack'd a hearty Kiſs:
Ah! Friend, quoth he, 'How happy is thy Life,
'Not the whole Town can boaſt ſo fair a Wife:
'At Church I view'd her as high Maſs was ſaid,
'Soft roll'd her Eyes, and gently wav'd her Head:
'Each Dame was envying, ſighing was each Swain,
'While ſhe the faireſt ſhone amidſt the faireſt Train:'
The ſweetly ſimp'ring Dame new Pleaſures found,
With greedy Ear imbib'd the flatt'ring Sound:
Prink'd up her Tucker, ev'ry Charm ſhe try'd,
And by her little Arts reveal'd her Pride:
Then thus addreſs'd him——'wou'd you taſte our Cheer?
'The Fare is homely, but the Heart ſincere:
'What cou'd you eat, Sir? — Nothing, cry'd the Prieſt,
'But a thin Slice from off a Capon's Breaſt;
'A Brace of Woodcocks, and a fat Pig's Head,
'With a nice Pudding of the whiteſt Bread;
'My ſqueamiſh Stomach loaths a ſumptuous Treat;
'Learn'd Clerks who ſtudy much but little eat.'
Swift tripp'd the Dame away, and ſeem'd to fly
Briſk as a Colt, and jolly as a Pie:
As the Friar's Mind on Int'reſt chiefly ran,
Abſent the Wife, he thus addreſs'd the Man:
'Is not our Order pious, ours which ſhares
'The Day in Faſting, and the Night in Pray'rs?

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

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'Than thoſe more pious, whom baſe Trifles win,
'Who hold Pluralities to be no Sin:
'For why ſhould Country Pariſh claim their Care,
'Curates perform the Drudgery of Pray'r?
'Tho' their whole Study is t' increaſe their Store,
'Talk wond'rous Things in Praiſe of being poor;
'With Mock Humility of Faſting preach,
'Tho' their fat Sides deny they practiſe what they teach:
'All Prieſthood ſhould be meek: But when there's ſeen
'The roſy Prebend, and the pamper'd Dean,
'Stalk to th' expecting Choir with Front elate,
'In all the Grandeur of Cathedral State;
'There doſe in Stalls, or o'er a Sermon nod,
'Can we ſuppoſe 'em meek, or thoughtful on their God?
'Thus they: Ah! *Thomas*, *Thomas*, by St. *Ive*,
'Tis from the Friar's Zeal the Laymen thrive:
'Hence by our Convent's Pray'r, you're bleſs'd with Wealth,
'Hence by their Maſſes you'll regain your Health.
The Churl in Bed reply'd, 'I have been told
'The whole Purſuit of Prieſthood is for Gold:
'Thus ſome have ſaid; this I myſelf aver
'I'm not a Jot the better for their Pray'r;
'To Monk, to Friar, and to Prieſt I've given,
'All were divine Ambaſſadors of Heaven:
'But late, alas, I found this Truth confeſs'd,
'They ſurely beſt ſucceed who give the leaſt.
'Well, well, reply'd the Prieſt, appeaſe your Rage,
'War with my Patrons never will I wage:
'Some Fools indeed will e'en with Kings contend,
'To laſh their Vices, or their Morals mend:
'I to reform a Prince would never arm
'My Tongue with Thunder, or with Threats alarm;
'Harſh Precepts in a Court can never charm.
'There not one Vice I'd laſh, nor tedious dwell
'On Stings of Conſcience, or the Pains of Hell;
'But gentle Rules in gentle Words convey,
'Till ev'ry conſcious Fear in Hope diſſolv'd away:
'In ſhort, I ne'er with Patrons diſagree,
'If they're reſolv'd for H—, what's that to me?
'But that your Soul to Heav'n may be conſign'd,
'Confeſs to me your Crimes, and calm your Mind.
'Faith, cry'd the churliſh Hoſt, by good St. *John*,
'I've once before To-day been ſhriv'd by one;
'And once a Day's enough.' —— 'Enough indeed,
The ſneering Prieſt reply'd, more ſure to ſpeed;
'Yet to our Convent ſomething you may ſpare,
'And bounteouſly reward a Friar's Pray'r;
'For thou'd you fail, ah! what I dread to tell,
'Saints we muſt pawn, and Fathers we muſt ſell.
'The Layman's loſt, if loſt that learned Store,
'Then Sermons, Comments, Lectures are no more:
'In vain you'll wiſh you had a Fri'r to preach,
'For who, dear Sir, can like a Friar teach?'
He ends; but oh! th' Harangue no Convert gains,
Thomas the ſame gruff churliſh Wight remains,
So daring impious, that he thought the Friar
A canting Hypocrite, a fawning Liar;
Then thus — 'D'ye think, Sir, that I ſure ſhall ſpeed?
'Hoſt, I as much believe it as my Creed.
'Nay, I am poſitive,' the Friar cry'd;
Thomas ſeem'd pleas'd, and with a Smile reply'd,
'Perſuaſive are thy Words, while yet I live,
'In thy own Hand, Sir Fri'r, a Boon I'll give:
'On this Condition, and on this alone,
'That the whole Convent equal ſhares the Boon;
'This thou ſhalt ſwear.'——Eager he plights his Troth,
His Maſs-Book kiſs'd, more firm to blind the Oath:
Then *Thomas* —— 'here thruſt down thy Hand behind,
'Worthy your Convent there a Gift you'll find:'
Adown he truſt his Hand into the Cliſt,
And gropes around to find the wiſh'd-for Gift:
Deluſive Hope! Something too cloſely pent,
Hoarſe rumbling from within, demands a Vent;
It burſt; then diſſipated here and there,
And fill'd th' expecting Hand with empty Air:
Amaz'd the Friar ſtarted with Surprize,
Red glow'd his Cheeks, and ardent flaſh'd his Eyes:
'Is thus he cry'd, thy Penitence confeſs'd?
'Is this, falſe Churl, thy Duty to a Prieſt?'
Nor there he'd ended, but to ſtop the Fray,
Men, Maid, and Wife ran in and chas'd the Fri'r away.
The Prieſt enrag'd, now meditating Ire,
With haſty Pace trudg'd to the neighb'ring 'Squire,
A Quorum Juſtice of a ſober Life,
The Pariſh Umpire, to compoſe their Striſe:
Ah! Benedicite, the Juſtice cry'd,
'What Evil cou'd to Friar *John* betide?'
John raving ſtamp'd, before he Silence broke,
At laſt, with ſwelling Paſſion, thus he ſpoke:
'Divines agree; and Sages have confeſs'd
'The Church herſelf is wounded in her Prieſt:'
Again he roar'd; —— 'Pray Sir, your Patience hold,
The Juſtice cry'd, till all your Tale is told:'
The Fri'r the Fact relates, as told before:
But as the Story heighten'd rag'd the more:
And ever and anon abruptly mix'd
Revenge, Pray'rs, Prieſt, and holy Church betwixt.
'*Sancta Maria!* cry'd the 'Squire's fair Dame,
'Is this, Sir Friar, all the Crime you blame?
'In my Opinion, as I hope to ſpeed,
'A Churl has only done a churliſh Deed.'
Not ſo, the 'Squire with ſager Wiſdom fraught,
But gravely paus'd, and ſeem'd quite loſt in Thought;
In Mind revolv'd the Statutes o'er and o'er,
If ever ſuch a Caſe occurr'd before:
Then thus reply'd, 'Good Fri'r that Sound and Air
'Should be divided in an equal Share
'Among thirteen, — No, — not the utmoſt Skill
'In *Euclid*'s Problems cou'd perform this Will:
'The Fact, as to a Prieſt, I own uncivil,
'The Inſpiration of ſome freakiſh Devil:
'Ne'er let the madding Churl perplex thy Soul,
'Sit down and drown thy Sorrows in a Bowl.'
Jenkin, the Clerk, who heard the whole Diſaſter,
And thought he had more Wiſdom than his Maſter,
Pertly addreſs'd the 'Squire —— 'Sir, I believe,
'Wou'd you and your good Confeſſor give Leave,
'I'd ſhow a Way by which the pious Tribe
'This comic Gift ſhould equally divide;
'And tho' I ne'er *Euclid*'s deep Problems knew,
'You'll all allow 'tis as an Axiom true.
'Here, in the Parlour, from the Air cloſe pent,
'I'd have a Cart-Wheel with twelve Spokes be ſent,
'Which is, ſave one, the Number of the Tribe,
'Mongſt whom I equally this Gift divide;
'Then to each Spoke each lay his rev'rend Beard,
'Like ſome wiſe Seers of Yore of whom I've heard;
'Your noble Confeſſor, whom Heaven ſave,
'Shall hold his Noſe upright into the Nave;
'The Churl be brought, and cou'd it haply ſpeed,
'That he cou'd there repeat his churliſh Deed;
'Tis Demonſtration that each Poke around,
'Wou'd equally convey the Air and Sound:
'Indeed the Friar here wou'd firſt be ſerv'd,
'But ſure this holy Man has beſt deſerv'd.
The Friar's Frown betray'd his troubled Mind;
But 'Squire and Lady thus in Judgment join'd;
With a new Coat that *Jenkin* ſhould be clad,
And that the Churl was neither Fool nor mad.

At the Requeſt of Numbers of our Readers, and in Regard to the great Demand for this PAPER *of* Saturday *laſt, on Account of the following* Sermon, *we have re-printed the ſame.*

A SERMON

Occaſioned by the Death of the Rev. Mr. *Proctor*, Miniſter of *Giſſing*.

By the Rev. Mr. Moor, *Miniſter of* Burſton *in* Norfolk.

1 Tim. vi. 12.

Fight the good Fight of Faith, lay hold on eternal Life, whereunto thou art alſo called, and haſt profeſſed a good Profeſſion before many Witneſſes.

BELOVED, We are met together to ſolemnize the Funeral of Mr. *Proctor*: His Father's Name was Mr. *Thomas Proctor*, of the 2d Family; his Brother's Name alſo was Mr. *Thomas Proctor*; he lived ſome Time at *Burſton-Hall* in *Norfolk*, and was High Conſtable of *Diſt Hundred*: This Man's Name was Mr. *Robert Proctor*, and his Wife's was Mrs. *Buxton*, late Wife of Mr. *Matthew Buxton*; ſhe came from *Helſdon Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

He was a good Huſband, and ſhe was a good Houſewife, and they two got Money: She brought a thouſand Pounds with her for her Portion.

But now, Beloved, I ſhall make it clear, by demonſtrative Argument.

Firſt, He was a good Man, and that in ſeveral Reſpects: He was a loving Man to his Neighbour, a charitable Man to the Poor, a favourable Man in his Tythes, and a good Landlord to his Tenants: There ſits one Mr. *Spurgeon* can tell what a great Sum of Money he forgave him upon his Death-Bed, it was fourſcore Pounds. Now, Beloved, was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*. This is the firſt Argument.

Secondly, To prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God, is this; in the Time of his Sickneſs, which was long and tedious, he ſent for Mr. *Cole*, Miniſter of *Shimpling*, to pray for him: He was not a ſelf ended Man, to be prayed for himſelf only; no, Beloved, he deſired him to pray for all his Relations and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for all Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any; and to Mr. *Cole*'s Prayers he devoutly ſaid, *Amen, Amen, Amen.* Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Then he ſent for Mr. *Gibbs* to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his Friends and Relations, and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for all Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any: And to Mr. *Gibbs*'s Prayers he likewiſe devoutly ſaid, *Amen, Amen, Amen.* Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Then he ſent for me, and I came and prayed for this good Man Mr. *Proctor*, for all his Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any: And to my Prayers he devoutly ſaid *Amen, Amen, Amen.* Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Thirdly and laſtly, Beloved, I come to a clear demonſtrative Argument, to prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God, and that is this: There was one *Thomas Proctor*, a very poor Beggar-Boy; he came out of *Scotland*, over the River *Tweed*, upon the Back of a Dun Cow: It was not a Black Cow, nor a Brindled Cow, nor a Brown Cow; no, Beloved, it was a Dun Cow: Well, Beloved, this poor Boy came a begging to this good Man's Door, to this Man of God's Door; he did not do as ſome would have done, give him a ſmall Alms, and ſend him away; or chide him, and make him a Paſs, and ſend him to his own Country: No, Beloved, he took him into his Houſe, and bound him an Apprentice to a *Gunſmith* in *Norwich*; and after his Time was out, took him home again, and married him to a Kinſwoman of his Wife's, one Mrs. *Chriſtian Robertſon* here preſent, there ſhe ſits; ſhe was a very good Fortune, and to her this good Man gave a very conſiderable Jointure: By her he had three Daughters; this good Man took home the eldeſt, brought her up to Woman's Eſtate, married her to a very Hon. Gentleman, Mr. *Buxton* here preſent, there he ſits; gave him a vaſt Portion with her, and the Remainder of his Eſtate he gave his two Daughters. Now was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Beloved, you may remember ſome Time ſince I preached at the Funeral of Mrs. *Proctor*, all which Time I troubled you with many of her tranſcendent Virtues; but your Memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I ſhall now remind you of one or two of them.

The *Firſt* is, ſhe was as good a Knitter as any in the County of *Norfolk*: When her Huſband and Family were in Bed and aſleep, ſhe would get a Cuſhion, clap herſelf down by the Fire, and ſit and knit; but Beloved, ſhe was no prodigal Woman, but a ſparing Woman; for to ſpare Candle, ſhe would ſtir up the Coals with her Knitting-Pins, and by that Light ſhe would ſit and knit, and make as good Work as many other Women by Day-Light: Beloved, I have a Pair of Stockings upon my Legs that were knit in the ſame Manner, and they are the beſt Stockings that ever I wore in my Life.

Secondly, She was the beſt Maker of Toaſt in Drink that ever I eat in my Life, and they were brown Toaſts too: For when I uſed to go in a Morning, ſhe would aſk me to eat a Toaſt; which I was very willing to do, becauſe ſhe had ſuch an artificial Way of toaſting it, no Ways ſlack, nor burning it; beſides ſhe had ſuch a pretty Way of grating Nutmeg, of dipping it in the Beer, and ſuch a Piece of rare Cheeſe, that I muſt needs ſay, they were the beſt Toaſts that ever I eat in my Life.

Well, Beloved, the Days are ſhort, and many of you have a great Way to your Habitations, and therefore I haſten to a Concluſion.

I think I have ſufficiently proved this Man to be a good Man, and his Wife to be a good Woman; but fearing your Memories ſhould fail you, I ſhall repeat the Particulars, *viz.*

1*ſt*, His Love to his Neighbour.
2*dly*, His Charity to the Poor.

3*aly*, His Favourableneſs in his Tythes.
4*thly*, His Goodneſs to his Tenants.
5*thly*, His Devotion in his Prayers, in ſaying *Amen* to the Prayers of Mr. *Cole*, Mr. *Gibbs*, and myſelf.

But more eſpecially for that tranſcendent Act of Charity in entertaining the poor Beggar-Boy, in binding him an Apprentice to a *Gunſmith*, and marrying him afterwards to a Kinſwoman of his Wife's; and bringing up his eldeſt Daughter to Woman's Eſtate, and marrying her to that Hon. Gentleman Mr. *Buxton*; and giving him a vaſt Portion with her, and giving the Remainder of his Eſtate to his other Daughters. Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Well, Beloved, he hath done his Work on Earth, courageouſly, valiantly, and manfully; in fighting under the Banner of good Huſbandry, in getting of Money. He is now gone to fight the good Fight of Faith, to do his Work with God, and to ſing *Hallelujahs* in Heaven; where we will leave him.

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 25.

YESTERDAY a Chandler-woman, in *Bell-Yard*, *King-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*, upon ſome ſlight Provocation, fell into a Fit of Swearing and Curſing, and in the Heighth of her *Damning her Eyes and her Aſhes* dropt down dead in a Fit of an Apoplexy.

On Thurſday laſt when the News came hither of the *Ruſſians* having enter'd *Poland*, by which a War ſeem'd unavoidable, ſome merry Officers of the Army made a Purſe for diſcharging poor Whores out of *Bridewell*, and laſt Night about 15 were ſet at Liberty by Virtue of that Charity.

They write from *Oxford*, that the Foundation-Stone of *Magdalen-College*, founded by the learned *Wainflet*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, was laid by a Proxy appointed by the preſent Biſhop of *Worceſter*, once Preſident thereof; on which is the following *Latin* Inſcription, *viz.*

Moribus excolendis,
Studiis Literarum exornandis
Otium datura,
Wainfleti Nomen & Honores
Ultimum proroget in Ævum,
Magdalena Inſtaurata,
27mo Auguſti 1733.
Edvardo Butler L. L. D.
Præſide.

Deaths. On Thurſday laſt died, at his Brother's Houſe at *Marlborough*, Mr. *Dance*, an eminent Surveyor and Builder, who built *Guy's-Hoſpital* in *Southwark*.——On Wedneſday laſt died, Mrs. *Montgomery*, Relict of the late Col. *Montgomery*.

MONDAY, *Auguſt* 27.

Her Majeſty has been pleaſed to order a fine Mount to be made in *Richmond-Gardens*, in order to command an extenſive Proſpect of the *Thames* and the adjacent Country.

Two new Nitches are ſpeedily to be made in the *Hermitage* in the ſaid Gardens, in order to place a Buſt of the famous Lord *Bacon*, oppoſite to that of the learned Mr. *Boyle*.

Marriages. A few Days ago —— *Skinner*, Eſq; a Gentleman of 3000l. *per Ann.* was married to Miſs *Barbara Opie*, of *Newington*, a Lady of 40,000l. Fortune.——Alſo —— *Morgan*, Eſq; Doctor of Muſick, was married at *Weſtchaſter* to Miſs *Wilton*, a Lady of 30,000l. Fortune.——On Friday laſt Miſs *Vanfleet*, only Daughter of Mr *Vanfleet*, of *Budge-Row*, was married to an eminent *Dutch* Merchant, with whom he had a Fortune of 8000l.

Deaths. On Friday laſt died, at his Houſe at *Putney*, —— *Alton*, Eſq;——A few Days ago died, at his Seat at *Rhid Groſe* near *Carmarthen* in *South-Wales*, *David Edwards*, Eſq;

Bankrupt. *Henry Burtenſhaw*, of the Pariſh of *Hurſtperpoint*, in the County of *Suſſex*, Tanner.

TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 28.

They write from *Guarda*, a City in *Portugal*, that one Father *Antonio Sequeira d'Albuquerque*, who had been 86 Years a Canon of the Cathedral Church there, cut in *May* laſt, at which Time he was 114 Years old, an intire new Set of Teeth, ſmall, regular, and white as Ivory: His Beard, which was remarkably long, and very white, turn'd black; as alſo did his Eye-brows, and the little Hair he had upon his Head. He had retain'd to a Miracle the perfect Uſe of his Senſes; and Nature ſeem'd to have a Mind to reſtore to him his Strength; for his Nerves, which Age had relax'd, began again to contract, and his Muſcles ſeem'd filling out with a juvenile Robuſtneſs, when a Fever ſeiz'd him, and he was carried off on the 31ſt of laſt Month, after a ſhort Enjoyment of the Favours which Nature in her Wantonneſs was doing him.

On Saturday laſt the Lady of the Hon. *George Clinton*, Eſq; Uncle to the preſent Earl of *Lincoln*, was ſafely deliver'd of a Son.

Some Smugglers having lately made an old Barn near *Chelmſford* in *Eſſex*, the Repoſitory of their Goods, left Tea and other Things there on Monday was Se'nnight, to the Value of 500l. but returning at Night in order to fetch them away, found to their great Surprize, that the Neſt had been diſcover'd and the Birds taken, nor any Signs left of the Hand that had plunder'd them.

They write from *Malton* in *Yorkſhire*, that a young Woman was lately committed to *York* Jail, for the Murder of her Baſtard Child, which ſhe had buried in a Coffin on the Side of a Ditch, about three Months ago. It was diſcovered by a Huſbandman accidentally repairing a Hedge, and the Coroner's Inqueſt being thereupon ſummoned to conſider how it came there, and from whom it might have received it's Death, the Woman, through an extraordinary Impulſe of Nature and Guilt of Conſcience, came before the Jury, and owned herſelf to be the Mother of the Child and the Author of its Death, upon which ſhe was committed to the Priſon aforeſaid.

Deaths. Laſt Sunday died Capt. *Houghton*, formerly Commander of a Ship in the *Eaſt-India* Company's Service.——Laſt Saturday died Capt. *Britt*, of *Crawford* in *Kent*, late Commander of a Man of War.——On Sunday died, at *Weybridge* in *Surrey*, *Thomas Jeers*, Eſq;—— Laſt Thurſday died at *Stanes* in the County of *Middleſex*, the Lady *Sarah Yonge*, Relict of the late Sir —— *Yonge*, Knt.——Yeſterday died, at his Houſe in *Little Brook-ſtreet*, *William Jones*, Eſq;

WEDNESDAY, *Auguſt* 29.

His Majeſty has been pleaſed to offer a Pardon to any one of the Perſons concerned in breaking into the Houſe of Mr. *Norman*, of *Mouſley* in *Surrey*, one Night in *May* laſt, and there deſtroying his Locks and Wainſcot, likewiſe cutting down the Trees in his Garden, and untiling his Out-houſes, to the Damage of ſeveral hundred Pounds, provided ſuch Perſon ſhall make a Diſcovery of his Accomplices, in ſuch Manner as they may be brought to Juſtice: And Mr. *Norman*, in Hopes of finding out the Offenders, has promiſed to accompany his Majeſty's gracious Pardon with a Reward of 20l. to be paid on Conviction of any of the Offenders.

The Subſcription to the new Lottery having been fill'd ſome Days ſince, and the firſt Payment of twenty Shillings on every Ticket compleated accordingly; the Commiſſioners appointed by Act of Parliament, for Relief of the Sufferers in the *Charitable Corporation*, have ordered that the ſecond Payment of twenty Shillings upon each Ticket, ſhall be made by the 25th of *October* next; and that the remaining forty Shillings ſhall be paid by *Chriſtmas* Day.

On Monday Night a Country Gentleman diverting himſelf in *Bartholomew-Fair*, had his Pocket pick'd of his Watch and Money, to the Value of 100l.

Preferments. His Majeſty has been pleaſed to grant unto his Grace the Duke of *Montagu*, the ſeveral Offices of Governor and Captain of the *Iſle of Wight*, and Governor of *Cariſbrook-Caſtle*, and of Conſtable and Door-keeper of the ſaid Caſtle of *Cariſbrook*, and of Steward, Surveyor, Receiver and Bailiff of all Manors, Lands, Tenements, Woods, Hereditaments, and other Revenues within the ſaid Iſland, in the room of his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*.——His Majeſty has been likewiſe pleaſed to appoint the Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount *Lymington*, who was lately made Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the County of *Southampton*, to be Vice-Admiral of the ſaid County, in the room of the ſaid Duke.

Death. On Sunday laſt died at *Windſor*, the Lady *Fitzgerald*, Relict of the late Sir *Chriſtopher Fitzgerald*, of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, Bart.

Bankrupt. *Thomas Meade*, late of the *Strand*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Linnen-Draper.

THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 30.

On Monday laſt about Four in the Afternoon, a Fleet of *French* Men of War, conſiſting of two Vice-Admiral Ships, one Rear-Admiral, and nine other Ships of the Line, having lay-too off *Rye* about an Hour and half, was join'd by a ſmall Frigate, and then ſail'd directly Eaſtward. The ſaid Fleet paſs'd by *Dover* the ſame Evening between Seven and Eight o'Clock.

The 13th of *September*, O. S. is fix'd for the Imbarkation of the Prince of *Orange* for *England*, in order to the Celebration of his Nuptials with the Princeſs Royal.

Rear-Admiral *Stewart* is gone to *Portſmouth*, to haſten the Equipment of a Squadron of Men of War, deſigned, as is ſuppoſed, for the *Baltick*.

Yeſterday a young Lad, about ten Years old, was unfortunately drowned at *Hungerford-Stairs*.

The ſame Day one *John Buſh*, as he was working his Yawl out of *Billingſgate-Dock*, fell from the Side of a Ship into the ſaid Dock, and was drowned.

Yeſterday in the Afternoon, a Boat going thro' Bridge, loaded with Oyſters, and having ſeven Women and two Men in her, over-ſet; but another Boat happily following thro' at the ſame Time, took them all up alive.

Dean Swift's *Anſwer to the Right Hon. the Earl of* Orrery, *and Dr.* Delany; *on receiving a Paper-Book and a Silver Standiſh, on his Birth Day.*

A Paper-Book is ſent by *Bo——le*,
Too richly gilt for me to ſoil.
De——y ſends a Silver Standiſh,
When I no more a Pen can brandiſh;
Let both around my Tomb be plac'd
As Trophies of a Muſe deceas'd,
And let the friendly Lines they writ
In praiſe of long departed Wit,
Be grav'd on either Side in Columns,
More to my Fame than all my VOLUMES,
To burſt with Envy, Spite, and Rage,
The *VANDALS* of the preſent Age.

Marriages. On Tueſday laſt the Earl of *Pembroke* was married to Miſs *Fitzwilliams*, late Maid of Honour to her Majeſty.——On Saturday laſt —— *Ogilvie*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Gray*, a young Lady of 10,000l. Fortune.

Deaths. On Thurſday laſt died, at *Hurſley* in the County of *Southampton*, the Right Hon. *Janet* Counteſs Dowager of *Macclesfield*, Relict of the late Earl of *Macclesfield*.——A few Days ſince died the Rev. Mr. *Webb*, Brother-in Law to *Anthony Henley*, Eſq; Member of Parliament for *Southampton*.——On Wedneſday the 22d Inſt. died the Rev. Dr. *Hunt*, Dean of *Bath*.——Laſt Sunday died at *Hammerſmith*, Sir *James Fleetwood*, Knt.

FRIDAY, *Auguſt* 31.

Yeſterday Mr. *Collings*, a noted Sadler at the Corner of *Chancery-Lane*, *Holborn*, ſtabbed himſelf in the Left Breaſt with a Penknife; a Surgeon was immediately ſent for to dreſs the Wound, but bleeding ſo faſt, there were no Hopes of his Recovery.

The ſame Day the Lady of *John Bryan*, Eſq; was ſafely delivered of a Son and Heir, by the Aſſiſtance of Dr. *Douglas*, at her Houſe in *Duke-ſtreet*, St. *James's*.

We hear that the following Gentlemen intend to ſtand ſingle for the Borough of *Southwark* at the next Election, *viz.* Sir *John Lad*, Bart. *George Heathcote*, Eſq; *John Bance*, Eſq; Sir *John Thompſon*, Mr. *Shard*, Son of Sir *Iſaac Shard*, and Mr. *Inwin*, one of the preſent Members.

They write from *Folkſtone*, that on the 23d Inſtant Sir *George Oxendon*, one of the Candidates for the County of *Kent*, was met two Miles from that Town by the Mayor and Jurats, the Wardens of the Fiſhery, and about 150 Freeholders, beſides other Inhabitants of the Town and Pariſh, and was conducted thither with Colours flying, Muſick playing, Drums beating, *&c.* being welcomed with loud Acclamations of Joy by the People in general. Sir *George* was pleaſed to order a But of Beer to be ſet on the Bail for the Populace, and opened ten Houſes to entertain the Freeholders; and nothing but the Sound of *Middleſex* and *Oxenden* was to be heard in the Streets throughout the whole Evening.

Robbery. On Wedneſday in the Evening the *Warwick* Stage-Coach coming to *London*, was robbed by a ſingle Highwayman, who took from the Paſſengers to the Value of 10l.

Commitment. Yeſterday a Woman was committed to the *Gatehouſe*, *Weſtminſter*, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of 17 Guineas, 14s. 6d. and ſome other Things of Value, together with a Silver Watch, Value 7l. She is commonly called by the Name of *Charming Phillis*.

Preferment. Laſt Week *John Knowler*, Eſq; was choſe Recorder of the City of *Canterbury*, in the room of Mr. *Crayford*, deceas'd.

Deaths. A few Days ſince died here, *Edward Wettenhall*, M. D. eldeſt Son to the late Right Rev. Dr. *Edward Wettenhall*, Biſhop of *Cork* in *Ireland*.——A few Days ago died *John Pulley*, Eſq; one of the Aldermen of the Town of *Bedford*.——On Monday laſt died, at *Langleybury* in *Hertfordſhire*, *John Abbot*, Eſq; formerly an eminent *Hamburgh* Merchant of this City.——Yeſterday died in *King-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, the Rev. Mr. *Swaine*, of *Univerſity* College, *Oxon*.——The ſame Day died Mr. *Simpſon*, Warehouſe-keeper to the Company of Stationers; which Place is worth upwards of 100l. *per Ann.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Extract of a Letter from Paris, *Aug.* 28. N. S.

WHEN King *Staniſlaus* ſet out the other Day from *Verſailles*, Orders were given to detain all Perſons on the Road for the Space of 12 Hours. The Squadron in which that Prince is to embark conſiſts of 13 Men

of War, compleated to the higheſt Proportion; they have one third more Men on board than their uſual Compliment, and are victual'd for ſix Months. The Marquis *de Luzerne* is Admiral, and the Chevalier *de Luines* Vice-Admiral of the ſaid Squadron.

Milan, Aug. 19. Count *Dhaun*, Governor General of this Dutchy, has receiv'd an Expreſs from *Vienna* with freſh Orders to cauſe three Regiments more to depart for *Germany*.

Frankfort, Aug. 30. The *French* have not yet paſs'd the *Rhine*, but all Things are diſpos'd in Readineſs thereto.

Paris, Sept. 7. The State of Affairs has chang'd its Face ſince the laſt Poſt; and whatever Hopes we had then of the Continuance of Peace, they are all diſſipated now, and War is become once more the Word. They write from *Grenoble*, that the thirty Battalions which were on their March to *Alſace* from *Dauphine* are countermanded, and returning in Haſte to their old Quarters. *Alſace* it ſeems is not to be the ſole Rendezvous of our Troops, for 40 Squadrons of Horſe, and 10 Battalions of Foot, are actually arriv'd in *Dauphine* from different Parts, and will be immediately followed by the King's own Regiment, and ſeveral others, both Infantry and Cavalry.

They write from *Breſt*, that the Squadron deſigned to conduct King *Staniſlaus* to *Poland*, was ſailed from thence with a favourable Wind. Orders are given for raiſing, towards the Cloſe of this Year, 30,000 Militia.

The following is an Extract of a Letter from Warſaw, *dated* Auguſt 20.

Poland is approaching to an Event of great Importance; an Event that threatens the Subverſion of her Conſtitution, and the Partition of her Dominions in favour of two Princes. The Party for *Staniſlaus*, and that for the Elector of *Saxony*, are equally powerful, and are determin'd to carry Conteſt and Diviſion into the Field of Election. The Nobility of the Great Dutchy of *Lithuania* have declared for the latter, and ſtill pretend to keep cloſe to the Oath they have taken for the Excluſion of Foreigners; they undertake to prove, that his Electoral Highneſs is no Foreigner, but a good *Piaſte*, and ſhew his Deſcent in a direct Line from the famous *Jagellon*, heretofore Great Duke of *Lithuania*, and King of *Poland*. This Prince was born a Heathen, but became a Proſelyte to the Chriſtian Religion in 1386, to qualify himſelf for the Crown of *Poland*, which was then offered him: He moreover united *Lithuania* to the Kingdom of the Republick. The *Lithuanians* are reſolved to aſſert this Pretenſion of the Elector of *Saxony*, in the Diet of Election, and in caſe they ſhall be over-rul'd there, to retire and chuſe him their own King, diſmembring their Dutchy from the Republick, and from that Moment erecting it into a ſeparate Kingdom. The Elector on his Part is to reſtore them all the Privileges they enjoy'd before the Reign of *Sigiſmond*, Thus will the *Poles* be left Maſters of their Choice, and free to preſent the Crown to *Staniſlaus:* Of one Kingdom two will be made; and whilſt *Staniſlaus-Leſezinſki* mounts the Throne of *Poland*, *Frederick-Auguſtus*, Elector of *Saxony*, will reign King and Great Duke of *Lithuania*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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